THE

Collier's Wedding,

A

POEM.

By EDWARD CHICKEN.

Some Country Girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia *wed.*
DRYDEN.

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SING not of great Cæsar's might.
How brave he led his men to fight
or shew how haughty Cato dy'd,
r what could make him satisfy'd;
or do I here attempt to tell,
ow Michael fought, or Satan fell.

I choose to sing in strains much lower,
Collier Lads, unsung before;
hat sport and feasting do ensue,
hen such like mortals buckle too.
former days when trade was good,
d men got money, cloaths and food;
hen landlords were not too severe,
d tenants broke not ev'ry year,
t liv'd in plenty, knew no need,
d had enough to do their deed:
en country lads went neat and clean,
d lasses comely to be seen;
ove with each other ev'ry day,
o should excel at work or play;

Were honeſt ſervants, virtuous wives,
Led harmleſs inoffenſive lives:
Their greateſt pride was juſt to know
When corn was ripe, or graſs would mow,
How cows, and ſheep, and butter ſold,
Or who was wed when ſhe was old;
Then COLLIER LADS got money faſt;
Had merry days while it did laſt;
Did feaſt, and drink, and game, and play,
And ſwore when they had nought to ſay;
They came to church but very rare,
But miſs'd not when a bride was there;
Yet reſted on the Sabbath day
From ev'ry thing but drink and play,
And ſlept that day, but not before
Their head and tail cou'd hold no more,
Then like true cocks that love the game,
They'd riſe and drink and ſleep again.

Their wives could drink, as people ſay,
And hold as much, or more than they;
Wou'd have their menſeful penny ſpent,
With goſſips, at a merriment:
Thoſe homely females drank no tea,
Nor chocolate, nor ratifea;
They made not viſits, ſaw no play,
But ſpun their vacant hours away.
And thus the COLLIERS and their WIVES
Liv'd drunken, honeſt, working lives;
Were very fond of one another,
And always marry'd one thro' other.

The ſons and daughters of this ſort,
Were always fond of country ſport;
And all the young unmarried fry
Did ſtrive each other to outvy;

And wou'd on hopping days be dreſt
Genteel, and in their very beſt:
Look ſmart, be clean from top to toe,
As all that wou'd be married do.

So have I ſeen poor fiſhes caught
By curious bait which men have wrought;
And from their wat'ry region bore,
By ſome ſmall hairs, to die on ſhore:
So beauties, when they wou'd catch men,
Uſe ev'ry bait that will trapan;
And woman's bait draw more than theirs,
They've brighter charms, and ſtronger hairs.

A collier's daughter, briſk and clean,
Once at a countrywake was ſeen;
The maid was born in Benwell town,
Was not too fair, nor yet too brown;
Of beauty ſhe has got her part,
Enough to wound a collier's heart;
And then her name was up for this,
She lov'd to ſpin, but bluſh'd to kiſs:
Her pliant limbs, when muſic play'd,
Cou'd humour ev'ry thing it ſaid;
For when ſhe tript it on the plain,
To Joky's loſt his fellow ſwain,
Her eaſy ſteps, and airy wheels,
Shew'd ſhe had muſic in her heels:
She danc'd ſo well, ſo very long,
She won the ſmock, and pleas'd the throng.

A collier lad was ſtanding by,
And view'd her with a lover's eye;
He ſcrath'd his head, and then he ſwore,
That none had danc'd ſo well before;

Then made a brush up to the maid,
How do you lass? the lover said;
I'm glad to see ye, by my saul,
For fink my heart, thou's beat them all;
Thou's warm'd their stomachs for them now
By G—d thou is a tuing sow?
Zoons, lass, come go I'll warr'nt thou's dry
Come, fool, what makes ye look so shy;
Then seiz'd her hand, and being strong,
He lugg'd the willing maid along;
She had not many words to say,
But hung an arse the country way,
Then gave a modest blush, and so
In silence gave consent to go,
He led her to an inn hard by,
Where drink was good if she was dry;
In private they were o'er the pot,
With other cheer the house had got;
The lad must now declare his mind,
And to bring the lass in kind;
He gap'd and stretched himself, and then
He rubb'd his eyes, and stretch'd again,
And thus began, "My comely Jenny,
"I love thee better far than any;
"If thou'll have me, faith I'll have thee,
"And love thee till the day I dee;
"I'll work my bones to make thee easy,
"Do ev'ry thing in life to please thee;
"Both day and night I'll do my duty:
"Come speak, I cannot live without thee."
She sigh'd and made him this reply;
"Come, let me go for shame, O fy!
"So lad, be quiet, pray give o'er,
"The folks are peeping through the door.

" I cannot bear, you ſqueeze ſo hard ;
" For Heaven's ſake have ſome regard ;
" How can you uſe a body ſo ;
" Take off your hand, pray let me go.
" May you be happy in ſome other,
" For I muſt wed to pleaſe my mother :
" But call if you ſhou'd come our way,
" And hear what the old wife will ſay :
" Farewel, and thank you for this treat,
" I'll reſt your debtor till we meet "
He flew to catch her juſt when riſing,
For he was keen and paſt adviſing ;
He claſp'd her cloſe, and held her faſt,
And wonder'd at her mighty haſte :
Then ſtretch'd himſelf and loll'd upon her,
And twore like any man of honour
Thus country 'ſquires, and merry blades,
Hug freſh unopen'd chamber-maids ;
Will kiſs them till their breath blow ſhort,
To make them eager of the ſport,
Then ſwear, and lie, and ſeldom part
Without a maiden-head or heart.
Like them, our furious country lover
Made uſe of all his tools to move her,
He play'd her all the afternoon,
And kept her warm to melt her down,
He ſtrok'd her neck, and ſqueez'd her hand,
And preſs'd her till ſhe could not ſtand,
And then ſhe ſtruggl'd in his arms,
With ſweet diſorder'd homely charms,
Till fear and love with equal grace,
Did vary colours in her face,
Her pulſe beat quick, and breath went ſlow,
She juſt could ſay, O!——let me go,

I'm ſpent, undone, O lack-a-day!
What can I either do or ſay?
Was ever laſs in my condition?
For Heav'n's ſake hear but my petition,
Unfold your arms, and give me air,
And let me reſt upon my chair,
I faint, O!——Tommy cut my lace.
And throw my apron o'er my face.

As when in wars great gen'rals fight
For honour, victory, or right,
When they ſtorm citadel or town,
And blow the forts and bulwarks down,
When thoſe within can hold no longer,
Becauſe the enemy is ſtronger,
Make ſignal that they do ſurrender,
By colour dropt, or ſome ſuch tender,
So now our conquer'd yielding maid,
Drops both her colour and head,
The woman works in ev'ry vein,
And life, not ſpent, returns again:
A riſing bluſh attempts her face,
But fear at firſt denies it place;
With languid looks and downcaſt eyes,
She ſees her lover in ſurpriſe:
Is griev'd to think ſhe makes him ſmart,
Yet fears to tell he's won her heart;
Her cheeks with modeſt bluſhes burn,
And ſmiles increaſe as life return;
Then ſtruggling for to ſhew her mind,
Her looks declare ſhe would be kind;
Yet cou'd not ſpeak to let him know,
Your modeſt maids are always ſo.

With am'rous look he calls her jewel,
And said how can you be so cruel;
Come ease my mind, and speak, my life,
And give consent to be my wife,
For I can never love another,
Come, I'll go with you to your mother,
Have her consent, hear what she'll say,
And then we'll fix our wedding-day.

Before she spoke, she look'd about,
For she cou'd hold no longer out,
And when she saw that none was nigh,
She thus broke out: I do comply,
You hug, and kiss, and squeeze me now,
But what will wedding make you do?
I never thought to marry any,
But, Tommy! thou hast conquer'd Jenny,
My heart, and ev'ry thing that's mine,
From henceforth, Tommy, shall be thine,
I'll love, and cherish, and obey,
And strive to please you night and day.
He kiss'd, she leer'd and seemed fain,
And rose and blush'd, and kiss'd again:
Then arm in arm, away they went,
To try old Betty for consent,
For now they'd nothing more to do,
But make the mother buckle too,
Which must be done, or else the bargain
Would not be worth a single farthing.

They trudg'd along, got home at last,
And found old goody smoking fast,
Plac'd on a cracket near the fire,
Her spinning-wheel was standing by her,

Her coats lay up for fear of burning,
She lov'd all warm, but hated turning.
An earthen pot with humming beer,
Stood on a table very near,
For she wou'd funk, smoke, fart and drink,
And sometimes taste a hellish stink.
Our old wife turned her head about,
And spy'd at last her daughter out:
She cry'd, lass, where de'il has thou been?
I thought thou would not more be seen:
You've got your belly full of play,
I'll warr'nt ye've had a merry day,
For now it will be twelve o'clock
And more, for I've spun off my rock.
Lass, whe's that with ye? Who should it be
Sit still, says Tom, 'tis none but me?
I came to have a little clash.
Hput lad, get heme, ye're nought but fash:
My pipe's just out, then we'll to bed;
So Jenny, come and loose my head,
And get some coals, and mend the fire,
And lay my cod a little higher,
And Tom, be sure that ye get hame,
And give my service to the dame:
De'il scratch your arse what brought you here
Ye've kept our daughter up I fear.
Tom rose and came where Betty sat,
And fann'd the fire with his hat,
Play'd with the pipe till it was broke:
And grin'd and laugh'd, and then he spoke:
Your Jenny is my heart's delight,
De'il rive their sarks gangs hame to night:
I'll have her had the not a flock,
If ye'll consent we'll call up Jock,

And raiſe up Doll to fetch a drink,
Come, Beſſy ſpeak, what do you think?
The old wife cock'd her chin and ſpoke,
Why ſure, Tom, you do but joke,
If ye're ſincere, as ye are warm,
And means to do my bairn no harm,
Ye know my daughter Jane's but young,
And may be eaſy overcome,
So court her firſt, hear what ſhe'll ſay,
We'll have a drink, and fix the day.
Her daughter Jane, with modeſt grace,
And fingers ſpread before her face,
Cry'd mother, Tommy's won my heart,
If ye'll conſent we'll never part,
I love him as I do my life,
And wou'd be glad to be his wife,
When Beſſy heard her daughter Jane
Declare herſelf ſo very plain,
The houſe was in an inſtant rais'd,
Grey-beard was waſh'd, the fire blaz'd,
Strong beer was fetch'd, tobacco too.
Old Beſſy drank till ſhe was fow,
Then reel'd to Tom with her conſent,
And ſpew'd her liquor as ſhe went:
Old Jock and Doll lay on the floor,
For they could drink and ſpew no more.

Our lovers now have all the play,
They bill, and fix their wedding-day,
Things were concluded for the beſt,
And drunk and ſober go to reſt.

Now all the country lads around,
That gat their living under ground,

For to prepare themselves are told,
When Tommy's wedding-day will hold;
The maids have warning, friends beside,
Must all be there to menie the bride,
At Benwell, at her mother's house,
For Tommy gave the bride her choose,
The wedding-dinner must be there,
Provided with the greatest care,
New joy in every face is seen,
The lads are pleas'd, the lasses keen,
Old men, and wives, do all declare,
They'll come to taste the bridegroom's fare.

The farmer waits not with more pain,
For former or for latter rain,
Nor does the miser more desire
His coffers full, or interest higher,
Or landlords wish the quarter-day,
When tenants are prepar'd to pay,
Nor those that in suspence do wait,
More anxious for the birth of fate,
Or longing mother's passion more,
For child, or joy untelt before,
Than are our lovers for the day,
To sport it, and the night away,
Their breasts are fir'd with equal flame,
They wish for what they blush to name,
They long the balmy joys to reap,
And kiss each other in their sleep,
But O! alas, this does no good,
It only raises flesh and blood,
Creates desire in every vein,
And makes things rise and fall again,

Long wish'd-for now is come at last,
The day appears, the bride is dress'd;
The music makes the village ring,
The children shout, the old wives sing.

Tom comes in triumph o'er the plain,
With collier lads, a jolly train;
They smoke along the dusty way,
Whips crack for joy, the horses play.
The bridegroom rides in state before,
Midst clouds of dust the bagpipes roar.
The echo's borne on wings of air,
Makes all the Bethwell folk prepare:
Like streamers in the painted sky,
At ev'ry breast the favours fly.
The blithesome, buxsome country maids
With knots of ribbons at their heads,
And pinners flut'ring in the wind,
That fan before, and toss behind,
Came there from each adjacent place,
Strength in their limbs, health in their face,
To do their honours to the bride,
And eat and drink, and dance beside.

Now all prepar'd and ready stand,
With fans and posies in their hand.
But hark! a distant noise they hear,
And some fore-riders do appear,
Proclaim with an exalted voice,
The bridegroom near, they all rejoice;
Loud shouts and acclamations rise,
And sounds of joy in echo dies.

The bridegroom now appears in sight,
They all receive him with delight;

Clap hand, and bid him welcome there,
And place him in the elbow chair,
Old Beſſy glad at his approach,
Brings on the cakes, and barrels broach;
Then Tommy goes and kiſſes Jenny,
And ſays to her, how do you hinny;
Pluck up your heart, and never fear,
What makes you be ſo ſad, my dear;
The prieſt will tell us what to ſay,
'Tis nothing but a perfect play;
I have the ring, and all things ready,
And faith thou's buſs like any lady;
Thou looks ſo brisk it does me good;
Be quiet, Tom, thou'll cramp my hood;
Come let us riſe and go away,
Perhaps we make the parſon ſtay;
And that ye know's not fit to be,
Becauſe we are not quality.

They all riſe up, and think it time,
To haſte for church, the clock ſtruck nine,
Two luſty lads, well dreſt and ſtrong,
Sept out to lead the bride along;
And two young maids of equal ſize,
As ſoon the bridegroom's hands ſurprize,
The pipers wind, and take their poſt,
And go before to clear the coaſt;
Then all the vaſt promiſcuous croud,
With thundering tongues, and feet as loud,
Toſs up their hats, clap hands, and hollow,
And mad with joy, like Bedlam follow;
Some ſhout the bride, and ſome the groom,
Till juſt as mad, to church they come;
Knock, ſwear, and ratle at the gate,
And vow to break the beadle's pate;

And call his wife a bitch and whore,
They will be in or break the door;
They rive and tear, and make a noise,
Like rude distracted fools or boys.

Now some slip out as sure as fate,
To tell the priest the people wait;
He picks, and comes, when he does know,
For at the best he's very slow;
The gates fly open, all rush in,
The church is full with folks and din;
And all the crew, both great and small,
Behave as in a common hall;
For some perhaps that were threescore,
Were never twice in church before;
They scamper, climb, and break the pews,
To see the couple make their vows.

With solemn face the priest draws near,
Poor Tom and Jenny quake for fear;
Are singl'd out from all the band,
That round about them gaping stand.

In decent order when the're got,
The priest proceeds to tie the knot;
Then hands are join'd and loos'd again,
And Tommy, says I take thee, Jane,
Then Jenny, looks a little shy,
And kneels, and says I take Tommy.
At here's the blessing on the course,
'Tis done for better, or for worse,
Or now they're fairly in for life;
The priest declares them man and wife.

Our couple now kneel down to pray,
Each unacquainted with the way;

Whole troops of COLLIERS swarm around,
And seize poor Jenny on the ground;
Put up their hands to loose her garters,
And work for pluck about her quarters:
Till ribbons from her legs are torn,
And round the church in triumph borne.

As when a conquest great was won,
By Cæsar, or by Philip's son;
They had the honour of the prize,
And all the shouts that did arise;
So now the fame and praise attend
The garters and the bridegroom's friend.
The wedding now is fairly o'er,
The fees are paid, but nothing more.

The bridegroom he comes foremost out,
He cocks his hat and looks about;
The pipers play for victory,
I'll make thee fain to follow me.

Four rustick fellows wait the while,
To kiss the bride at the church stile;
Then vig'rous mount their felter'd steads,
With heavy heels, and clumsy heads;
To scourge them going head and tail,
To win what country calls the kail.
Spruce Tommy now leads first away,
For Jenny's bound and must obey;
But most wives think 't a sad disaster,
To have the man be one day master;
And must be rid, or they submit,
With whip and spur, and temper'd bit;
Must take the sweets and plagues of marriage
Before they have an easy carriage.

Yet here our bride muſt have her due,
She ſtuck as cloſe to Tom as glue;
Tuck'd up her coats to mend her pace,
And walk'd till ſweat ran down her face:
Sturdy ſhe rak'd along the plain,
To keep in view her fellow ſwain;
And kindly follows Tommy's lead,
That ſhe at night on joys may feed.
If ſhe prepares when things are dreſt,
I'll pawn my life ſhe'll be his gueſt;
Stick cloſe and ſuck, and round him twine,
Till Phœbus thro' the curtain ſhine,
Surround their pillows with bright rays,
And wiſh them many happy days.

Now they arrive all in a foam,
The old wife bids them welcome home;
Salutes her daughter and her ſon,
So now begins the merry fun.

The greaſy cook at once appears,
And thunders miſchief in their ears;
She ſcolds and brawls, and makes a noiſe,
And throws her fat among the boys;
Now runs to ſee the kettle boil,
Mean while ſhe lets the butter oil:
Then boxes her who turns the ſpit,
And cries, you jade, you'll burn the meat;
Fire, ſmoak, and fury round her goes,
She's burnt her apron, ſing'd her cloaths,
The dinner will be ſpoil'd ſhe cries:
Good God! the baker's burnt the pies.
That gooſe will not be half enough;
The beef is old, and will eat tough?
Here, laſs ſome flour to drudge the veal;
with your dinner at the de'el;

Come take your seats, and stand away,
My laddie has no room to play.
The hens and cocks are just laid down,
I never thought you'd come so soon,
And thus with such-like noise and din,
The wedding banquet does begin.

Impatient for the want of meat,
They sneak and cannot keep their seat;
Play with the plates, drum on the table,
And fast as long as they are able;
Then count the number of their knives,
And who is there that has no wives,
Unfold the napkins, lay them down,
Then tell the letters of a spoon;
Some eat the bread, some lick the salt,
Some drink, and other some find fault.

Disorder is in ev'ry place,
And hungry looks in ev'ry face;
In short they cou'd no longer put,
For belly thinks the throat is cut;
They dam, and sink, and curse the cook,
And give her many a frightful look;
They call her bitch, and jade, and sow,
She says she does what fire can do;
And thus their guts disturb and vex'em,
For want of patience doth perplex'm.
Thus hungry, raw, unthinking youth,
Run home from school with open mouth;
Are mad for meat, and wild for play,
Impatient at the maid's delay;
Will dip their bread in dripping pan,
With all the eagerness they can;
Disturb the house, and tease their mother,
And fight with sister, or with brother;

Roar, ponch, and kick; and play the fool,
And cry they'll be too long for school;
Burn plates, and discompose the table,
Do all the mischief they are able;
Abuse the maid, climb on the chairs,
And dirty all the new-clean'd stairs;
Till Tray from his machine descends,
And Peggy draws to make all friends;
Then dinner comes, they eat, are pleas'd,
March, of to school, the house is eas'd.

At last the beef appears in sight,
The groom moves slow the pond'rous weight
Then haste is made, the table clad,
No patience till the grace is said;
Swift to the smoking beef they fly;
Some cut their passage through a pye;
Out streams the gravy on the cloth,
Some burn their tongue with scalding broth,
But rolling spices make them fain,
They shake their heads, and sup again;
Cut up that goose, cries one below,
And send us down a leg or so:
An honest neighbours tries the point,
Works hard, but cannot hit a joint;
The bride sat nigh, she rose in prim,
And cut and tore her limb from limb.

Now geese, cocks, hens, their fury feel,
Extended jaws devour the veal;
Each rives, and eats what he can get;
And all is fish that comes to net;
No qualmish appetites here sit,
One curious for a dainty bit.
The bridegroom waits with active force,
And brings them drink 'tw'xt ev'ry course;

With napkin round his body girt,
To keep his cloaths from greaſe and dirt;
With buſy face he runs about,
To fill the pots which are drunk out.

Old Beſſy, dreſs'd in all her airs,
Gives her attendance in the ſtairs;
There ſhe receives the broken meat,
Juſt when it is not fit to eat;
Plates, knives, and ſpoons about are toſt,
The old wife's care's that nought be loſt,
By her the borrow'd things are known,
She wiſhes folks may get their own.

Now all are full, the meat away,
The table drawn, the muſic play;
The bridegroom firſt aſſumes the floor,
And dances all the maidens o'er;
Then rubs his face, and makes a bow,
So marches of, what can he do?
He muſt not tire himſelf outright,
The bride expects a dance at night,
In every room, both high and low,
The fidlers play, the bagpipes blow;
Some ſhout the bride, and ſome the groom,
They roar the very muſic dumb,
Hand over head, and one thro' other,
They dance with ſiſter, and with brother,
Their common tune is, get her ho,
The weary laſs cries muſic ſo,
Till tir'd in circling round the wheel,
And beat the ground with toe and heel.

A collier lad of taller ſize,
With rings of duſt about his eyes,

aid down the pipe, rose from the table,
And swore he'd dance while he was able;
He catch'd a partner by the hand,
And kiss'd her for to make her stand;
And then he bid the music play,
And said, now lass, come dance away?
He led her off; just when begun,
he stopt, and cry'd, some other tune;
hen whisper'd in the piper's ear,
o loud as every one might hear,
'd have you play me Jumping John,
He turn'd his reed, and try'd his drone,
he pipes scream out the fav'rite jig,
hen knack'd her thumbs and shook her trig;
hen cock'd her belly up a little,
hen wet her fingers with her spittle;
o off she goes; the collier lad
prang from the floor, and danc'd like mad:
hey sweep each corner of the room,
nd all stand clear where e'er they come;
hey dance and tire the piper out,
nd all's concluded with a shout.

Old Betty next was taken in,
he curl'd her nose, and cock'd her chin;
hen held her coats on either side,
nd kneel'd and cry'd, Up with the bride;
ome piper, says the good old woman,
ay me the joyful days are coming;
I dance for joy upon my life,
or now my daughters made a wife.
he old wife did what limbs could do?
ell danc'd old Betty, cry'd the crew;
he goody laugh'd and shew'd her teeth;
nd said, ah! Sirs, I have no breath;
once was thought right good at this,
) kneel'd and mumbl'd up his kiss.

And thus the day in pleaſure flies,
Till ſhining Phœbus quits the ſkies,
The gladſome night doth now approach,
The barrels ſound, no more's to broach,
There's but a pipe for ev'ry one,
The dear tobacco's almoſt gone,
The candles in the ſocket wink,
Now ſweal now drop, then die and ſtink,
Intoxicating fumes ariſe,
They reel and rub their drowſy eyes,
Dead drunk, ſome tumble on the floor,
And ſwim in what they drunk before,
Hick-up cries one, reach me your hand,
The houſe turns round, I cannot ſtand,
So now the drunken ſenſeleſs crew,
Break pipes, ſpill drink, piſs, ſhit and ſpew,
The ſleepy hens now mount the balk,
Ducks quack, flap wings and homewards walk,
The lab'ring peaſant, weary grows,
Embraces night and trudges home,
The poſſet made, the bride is led
In great proceſſion to her bed,
The females with an edict come,
That all the men depart the room,
On pain of ſcandal and diſgrace,
If any one ſtay in the place,
Their proclamation is obey'd,
The men walk out till ſhe be laid,
But with this cautious reprimand,
The poſſet ſhould have leave to ſtand,
Be unmoleſted, feel no lip,
Nor any one attempt to ſip,
They all declare they'll be accurſt
If bride and bridegrom drink not firſt,
When young and old, and all are out,
They ſhut the doors, and ſpy about,

A gen'ral search is quickly made,
Left any lie in ambuscade;
So when they think all places sure,
And holes and corners all secure,
That none cou'd see or none cou'd hear,
For none rush in to make them fear;
Then one far wiser than than the rest,
Who knew their way of bedding best,
Steps up to Jenny, bath'd in tears,
And thus with counsel fills her ears;
Come. wipe your face for shame don't cry.
We all are made with men to lie;
And Tommy, if I guess but right,
Will make you have a merry night.
Be courteous kind, lie in his arms,
And let him rifle all your charms.
If he shou'd rise, do you lie still,
He'll fall again, give him his will;
Be close and keep your husband warm,
Then as I live you'll yet no harm;
Be mannerly in every posture,
Take this advice from Nany Forster.

Thus spoke, she catch'd a bowl,
Where currant cakes did roll,
Then with a smile, said Jenny, lass,
Come thy health without a glass,
Her arm supports it to her head,
She drinks. and gobbles up the bread;
Ev'ry one their courses took,
The watch for fear the men should look;
Their hasty promise soon was broke,
And they must either drink or choke.

Now some prepare t' undress the bride,
While others tame the posset's pride,
Some loose her head, some her stays,
And so undress her sundry ways,

Then quickly lay the bride in bed,
And bind a ribbon round her head,
Her neck and breasts are both display'd,
And ev'ry charm in order laid.

Now all being ready for Tom's coming,
The doors are open'd by the women,
Impatient Tommy rushes in,
And thinks that they have long'some been,
The maids unwilling to withdraw,
They must go out, for that's the law.
Now Tommy next must undress,
But which of them can do it best?
It is no matter all assist,
Some at his feet, some at his breast,
Soon they undress the jolly blade,
And into bed he's fairly laid.

Between the sheets now view this pair,
And think what merry work was there;
The flocking thown, the company gone,
And Tom and Jenny both alone,
No light was there but Jenny's charms,
And Tom all those in his own arms.

Now he is master of his wishes,
And treats her with a thousand kisses,
Young Tommy cock'd, and Jenny spread,
So here I leave them both in bed.

FINIS.